



Stay Alive



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Chapter 1 by Meghan Tray

"Help help!" You scream as the waves clash against your boat.

You were on a sailing trip, and there came a sea storm. Both of your friends are lost in the waves and you are the only one alive... stranded in the middle of the ocean...

Chapter 2 by Kallaway Haystings



Great. Fantastic. Maybe your grandmother was right when she said you were cursed. Just a couple of hours they said, the weather is beautiful they said. Silver lining? Never a dull moment. It was my way of coping, finding a silver lining in sucky situations I usually ended up landing myself in. Not on purpose, but by some screwed up humor the gods liked to plan out just for me. Although it was difficult finding something good about this particular situation at the moment. My throat was hoarse and the sun was setting, the last rays faded. The water was bitter cold, and I could no longer feel my hands, or any of my body actually. "Damn, damn, damn, damn." Cussing didn't help but it sure made me feel better. I tried to resign myself to the fact this was probably how I would die. I'd always imagined myself dying in a heroic way, maybe on a horse killing a mighty foe, or chopping to head off a dragon, or maybe rescuing a damsel and

dying to save her. But no, there would be no tales of heroic acts and half-heroes. No one would know what had happened. Silly. See more of Story Wars
OR it might be a shark fin. I see a ship's sail on the horizon.

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Chapter 3 by Ilihus



Meet a boy

When I waked up it was morning and the sun was already high. I felt so thirsty and week. I struggled to my feet and looked around, hoping to find anything on this broad ocean. Nothing else, only the salt water and the sun.

I lay down on the boat and racked my brain trying to get some potable water.

Suddenly, a strange sound from the sky caught my attention. " A small plane! " I can't help crying out. However, the flight path of this plane was abnormal. Within a minute, the small plane hit the sea. I was shocked.

Chapter 4 by Kaytlin Wojciechowski



A smoke trail behind the now crashed train stands out in the bright blue and white sky. Ripples of water teeter my boat back and forth and I grab onto the sides to calm down my rising anxiety. There's another person... but they are also stranded too. Is there only one person? Are there more? Did they even survive that type of fall? What were they doing all the way out here, in the middle of the ocean? I mean I'm sure that after I lost my friends I drifted away from our original location. What part of the ocean am I even in? Am I close to a shoreline? Just floating in the middle of the ocean, with no food or clear water? Wait, maybe there is food somewhere...

All of these thoughts were running through my head but one important one was slipping my mind. Will I survive? That brings a cold shudder down your spine. Why couldn't I be sick this one time? Ugh, I'm still having troubles with processing this situation. Gasping I look back up to the floating debris. My eyes scanning the water, searching for something, someone, anything really.

And then I see it. A head. A human head. A wet human head. Gasping I frantically search for something to paddle with. Under a seat in a compartment is an ore. Paddling with all the strength I have I reach the unconscious person who is gripping onto the part of the wing. Tossing the ore to the side I lean over to turn them over. My eyes widen in which. It's a man! A man is unconscious, floating in the middle of the ocean, and I'm the only one who can help him.

Swallowing my pride I grip under his arms and try; key word TRY to get him over the side of the

boat. It takes me a few tries but eventually I get him on to one of the seats. Making sure he's situated all right I dash to the other side of the boat. I sit there, waiting for him to wake up. And when he does, ask him how he got there.

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Chapter 5 by Haldenwater



The man's eyes suddenly flickered open, they were a pale blue and he had scruffy brown hair. The first expression on his face was bewilderment and his mind would have been faster than a tornado.

"W-where-" His head lolled back as I lean forward to grasp him, "Where am I?" He repeated.

As much as I wanted to answer my mind was blank. I was alone on a lifeboat, I was the only person alive besides some man who came from a plane crash, and there was simply no food or water. Honest to god I didn't know what to say.

Abruptly the man blinked and looked at me, "Who are you? Where am I?" This time, he sat all the way up with a face that was screwed in fear.

"Sir!" I call, "Are you ok?"

"Where am I?" He roared at the top of his lungs.

"We've gotten lost, you were in a plane crash right after my boat sank..." I informed him, then the man's head flipped towards me. He definitely wasn't stable.

"I'm lost..." He sat back down, "I- I was," He stuttered, "I was in England, m- my commander r-reported ship that wasn't returning... er..." His breathing grew coarse, "Three other rescue parties were sent out."

"What's your name?" I tried to make things a bit clearer.

"T-Thomas, Thomas Mead..." He muttered.

"Nice to meet you, Thomas, my name is Lucy." But Thomas wasn't listening to me, instead, he was speaking nonsense to himself.

"Lucy," He muttered, "We are in The Devil's Triangle." His eyes were grave, "We've entered the Bermuda Triangle."

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